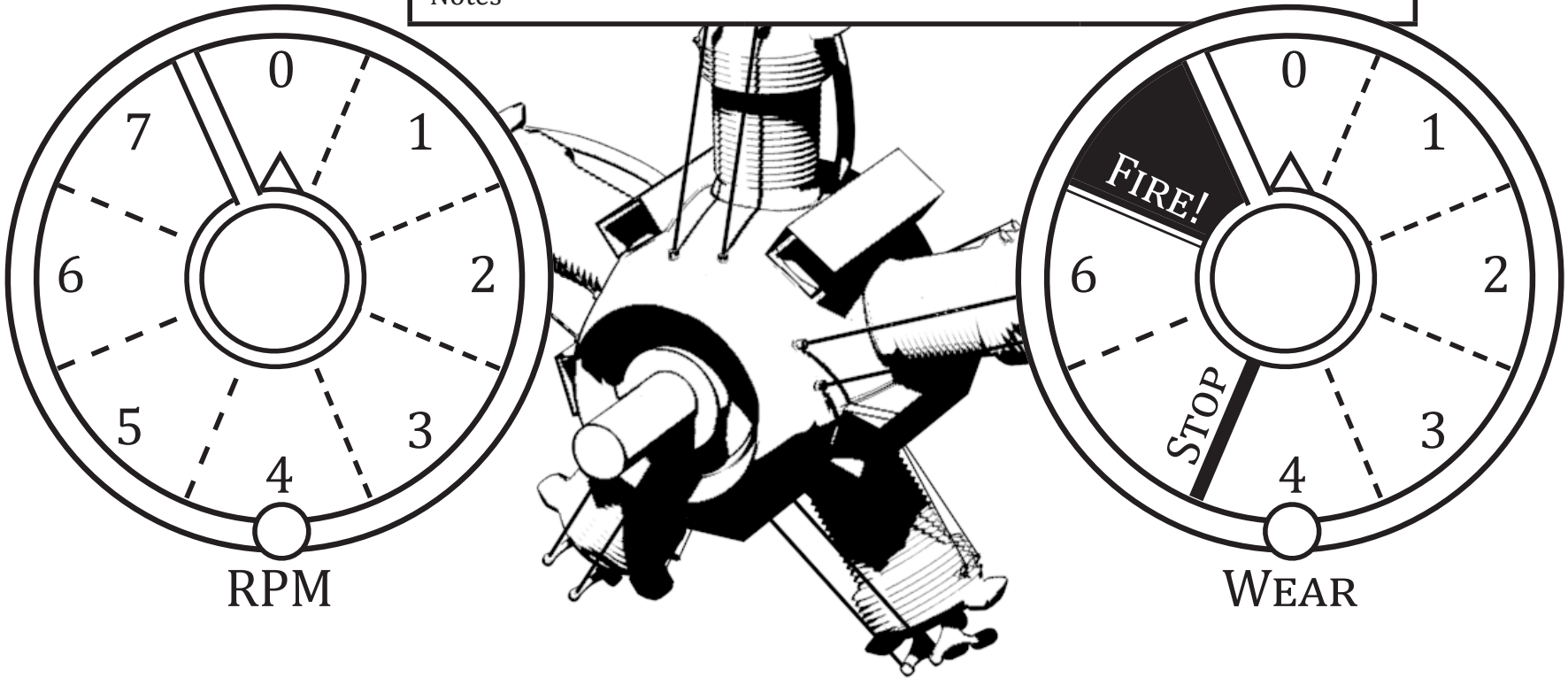
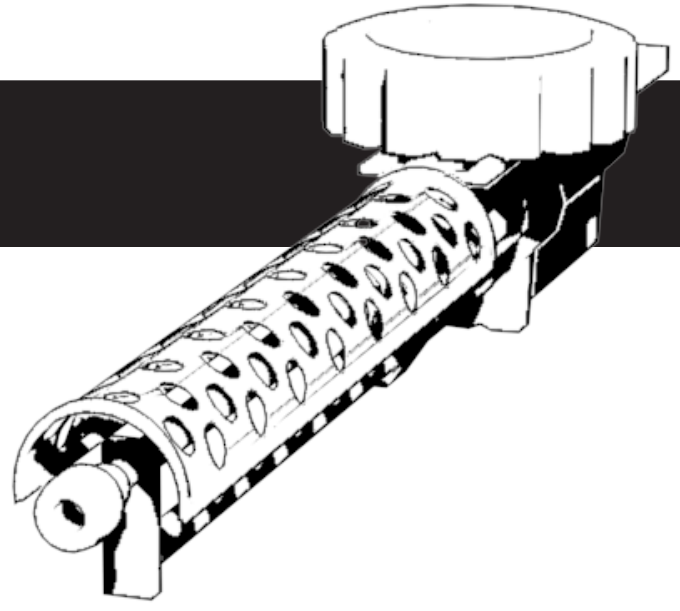
Engine

Reliability	Ideal Alt.	Overspeed

Notes



Weapon System



Weapon Type

Ammo	AP	Jam

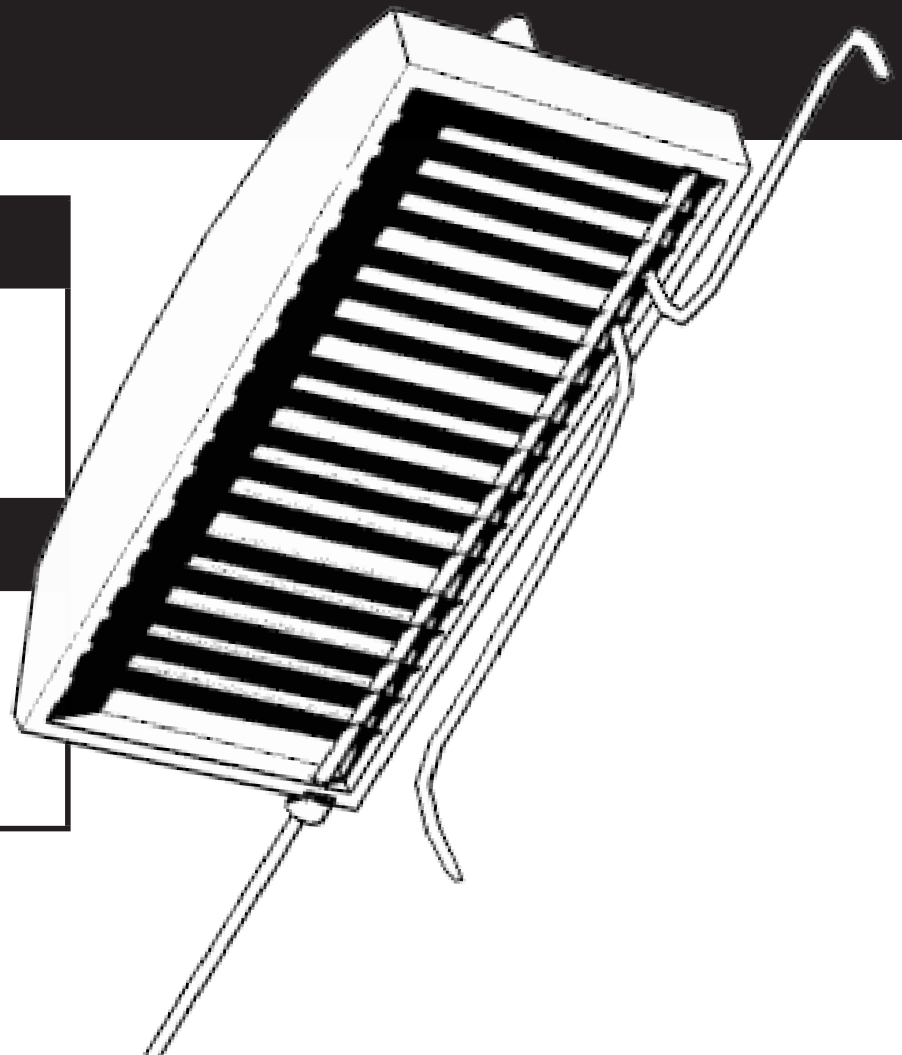
Range	Knife	Close	Long	Extreme
Hits				
Damage				

Tags:

Radiator

Mount Type

Liquid



NPC Plane

Weapon	Hits	Damage

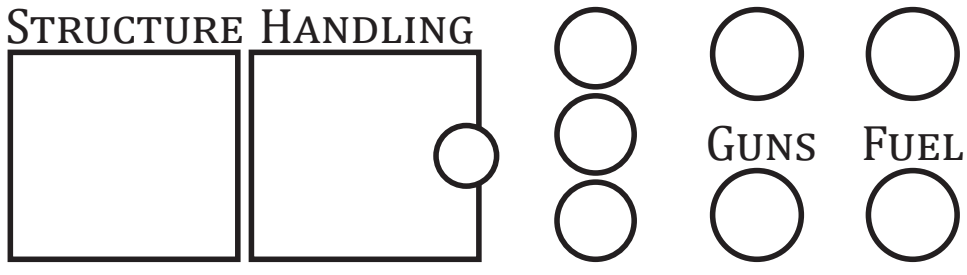
Speeds

Over Max Combat Stall

Structure Handling

Engine Pilot Crew

Guns Fuel



Notes

Himmilvolk

You are Himmilvolk, the dominant rural identity of Himmilgard. Loosely connected by language and mythology through air travel despite divergent phenotypes and lifestyles, Himmilvolk consider themselves to have a vague kinship. Your people worship local spirits, the river goddesses Rhona, Elba, and Doana, and the mythical hero Sigvird. You respect wild magic, and value hard work, fair play, peace and quiet, and the open air.

Skin	**Hair**	**Eyes**
Dark, Olive, Bronzed, Brown, Pale	Blond, Red, Brown, Black, White	Blue, Green, Hazel, Brown, Pale Blue

You speak Gothic. Your accent will make it obvious to any listener what part of the continent you are from.

Städter

You consider yourself Städter, of a modern and special people from the imperial urban centers elevated above the common country folk. When the world ended, you endured hard years of labour and cruelty from dying governments desperate to hold onto control, and now you struggle to find a place in the world. Your people worship the demigod Sigvird, first king of Gotha, who made wives of the river-daughters and slew the Titans.

Skin	**Hair**	**Eyes**
Dark, Olive, Bronzed, Brown, Pale	Blond, Red, Brown, Black, White	Blue, Green, Hazel, Brown, Pale Blue

You speak Gothic. Städter survivors tend to wear short or buzzed hair. You carry papers from an old empire: Gotha, Fokker, Macchi, and so forth.

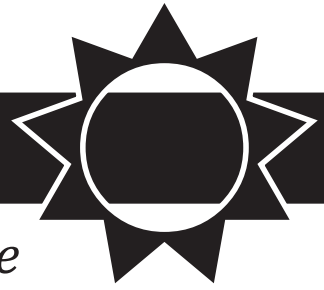
Fischervolk

You are Fischervolk of the Dark Sea coast, and you are marked as different by the blood that runs cold in your veins. No matter how far you are from the sea, you hear the whispers in your dreams. Your people value trust and community, and believe in a city under the sea where the dead sleep, to which the river goddesses ferry spirits.

Skin	**Hair**	**Eyes**
Alabaster, Blue-Grey, Blue-Green, Dark Grey	Black, White, Grey, Black & White	Black, White, Grey, Dark Blue

You speak Gothic, but know snippets of an ancient tongue. You have gills on your neck and shark-like teeth. Your blood is blue, and slowly turns wine red when spilled. Use the names from the Fisher playbook.

Skyborn



You are Skyborn, the nomadic people of the trade winds above Himmilgard. Centuries ago, your ancestors came as refugees on vast balloons from over the endless sea. You find your gods in the endless stars, and are voyagers and sailors all. Groundpounders see you as carefree and work-shy, but life aboard airships is harder and stricter than they know.

Skin	**Hair**	**Eyes**
Dark, Olive, Bronzed, Brown, Pale	Blond, Red, Brown, Black, White	Red, Purple, Yellow, Pink

You speak one or more of the Skyborn languges, but learned Gothic to get by. Your distinct appearence, accent, and customs make it difficult to blend in with locals. Use the naming system from the Skyborn playbook.

Edelfrei

You are Edelfrei, descended from one of the ancient lineages of nobility, claiming ancestry back to Sigvird's court itself. Long before the rise of the great imperial nations, your kind guarded the mountain passes and ruled fiefdoms, but the rise of nation-states rendered the old castles and glider-knights obsolete. You were raised to value personal honour, history, beauty, ancestry, and the few heirlooms you have left.

Skin	**Hair**	**Eyes**
Dark, Olive, Bronzed, Brown, Pale	Blond, Red, Brown, Black, White	Blue, Green, Hazel, Brown, Pale Blue

You speak Gothic, both modern and Old. Take "von" as a middle name to indicate nobility.

Rishonim

You are Rishon/Rishona, of the first people of Himmilgard. Your people once lived on the spring at the centre of the world, asking questions of the Goddess and recording their answers. But your ancestors sought forbidden knowledge, and were exiled here, in a hostile land full of hostile people. Your people have had to be clever, resilient, and close-knit to survive, but you know you will one day find your way back home.

Skin	**Hair**	**Eyes**
Dark, Olive, Bronzed, Brown, Pale	Blond, Red, Brown, Black, White	Blue, Green, Hazel, Brown, Pale Blue

Though you speak Gothic daily, you know at least enough of your people's tongue for the secret call-and-response used to identify other Rishonim.

Verloren

They call you Verloren, lost, but you aren't. Your people have a name and a distinct culture, no matter what anyone else might say. Verloren communities are holdovers of the old cultures from before the Imperial age, who have resisted assimilation through whatever methods were available. Your traditions, language, and religion may have changed or been suppressed, but your people live on.

Skin	**Hair**	**Eyes**
Dark, Olive, Bronzed, Brown, Pale	Blond, Red, Brown, Black, White	Blue, Green, Hazel, Brown, Pale Blue

Define for yourself a culture, religion, and language. Explain how it has been suppressed, and how you keep it alive. You also speak Gothic.

Wildleute

You are of the Wildleute, the people of the woods. Few, scattered, and keeping to yourselves, your people survived in the wild places where few dare to tread. During the Great War, many of your people were forced into contact with civilization, settling as refugees or conscripted to act as guides. You grew up in the shadow of spirits and fae things, with the touch of magic a daily reality, and ritual superstition informs everything you do.

Skin	**Hair**	**Eyes**
Dark, Olive, Bronzed, Brown, Greenish, Pale	Natural Tones, Green, Blue, Violet, White	Green, Hazel, Brown, Glowing, Pale Blue

You speak Gothic. The fae may mark you with swirling blue or green marks, impossibly bright eyes, or horns, fur, or animal features (ears, tails, whiskers, etc).